

Good Stories Of the Day

A Good Guess.

"The editor in chief," asked the man with the unsharpened hair and the shiny coat, as he faced a full of paper from his pocket.

"No," replied the office boy, "he has just gone out."

"This is the third time I have called to see him," growled the editor, "and each time you have told me that he has just gone out. What's the explanation?"

"I don't know," answered the office boy, "but I guess he must have been born under a lucky star."—Lippincott.

His Wife Wasn't Qualified.

"I've been reading an article on electricity, John," said the wife as she laid down a copy of a technical magazine which she had been perusing. "And it appears before long we'll be able to get pretty nearly everything we want just by touching a button."

"It will never pay here," growled the husband. "You would never be able to get anything in that way."

"Why not, John?"

"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button just at my shirt!"—National Food Magazine.

Settled Out of Court.

"Well," said the lawyer, having listened carefully to his client's statement, "you've got about the best case I ever heard. My dear sir, you can't help winning it, whatever court you take it to. I shall be only too glad to assist you in the matter."

"Thanks very much!" Then, grabbing his hat, he made a speedy exit from the office.

"What?" exclaimed the astonished lawyer. "Are you going?"

"Yes," replied the other. "I'm just going to try to settle this case out of court."

"But, my dear sir, why waste money? As I've already told you, that's one of the best cases I've ever heard."

"Maybe it is," said the client, as he hastened down the stairs, "but not for me. I told you the other fellow's story."—Philadelphia Record.

He Don't.

PETER DE GROOT advertised for an office boy the other day. There weren't any replies that amounted to anything till a dirty-faced urchin presented himself just at the hour when he should not have applied.

"What do you want?" growled Peter. The child answered: "I don't suppose you don't know about no man that don't want to hire no kid no no feller to do no work no nothing for him, do you? Or don't you?"

"Yes," answered Mr. De Groot, "I don't."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Knew.

THE teacher was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches. She spoke of their beef all coming from the West, and, wishing to test the children's observation, she asked:

"And what else comes to us from these ranches?"

That was a poser. She looked at her shoes, but no one took the hint. She tried again.

"What do we get from the cattle besides beef?"

One boy eagerly raised his hand. "I know what it is. It's tripe!" he answered, triumphantly. The Youth's Companion.

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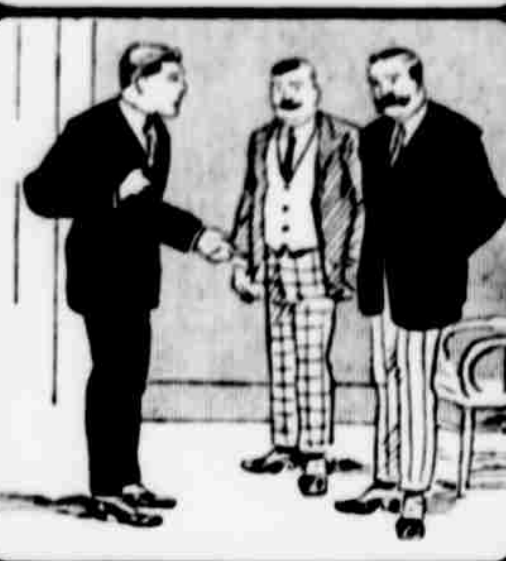
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THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE-STORY" SERIES. No. 1. The Vanished Heiress. Part Two. The Clue. Edited by FRED G. LONG, 55 Park Row, N. Y. City.

The detective breaks the grip of Iris's guard, in time to save Monty from strangulation, but is persuaded to take the young man to "headquarters" for examination. There Monty, who had been on an auto tour with a friend, easily proves an alibi and is discharged.



Monty begs for and receives permission to aid the detectives in their search for Iris. But not until Tuesday is any clue found that might possibly point to her whereabouts, although several false leads are followed without result.



Tuesday morning a "stool pigeon" sends word to the detectives by a boy that "two hard guys and a good looking girl" are in apparent hiding in a house in a disreputable neighborhood on the lower east side.



Supplementary information that the girl had worn a gray coat—iris wore one—makes the clue a good one. While plainclothes men guard the house outside Monty and one of the detectives enter and make their way to a locked room upstairs.



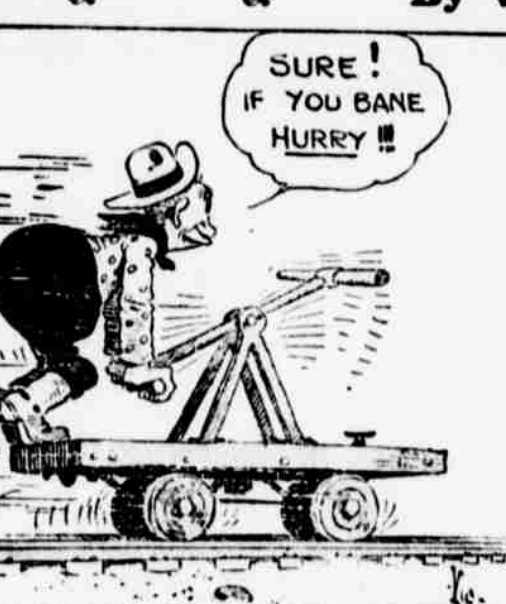
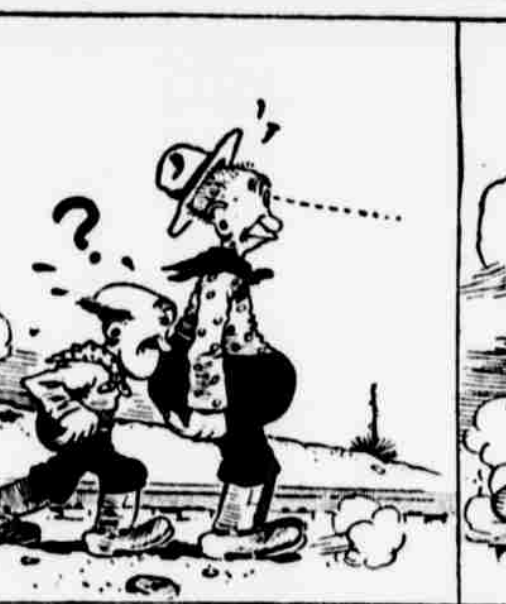
Their knock unanswered, they break down the door. Two men spring upon them to bar their entrance, one with a revolver, the other with a switchblade, with which he lunges at Monty with a vicious sweep of his arm.—Continued to-morrow.



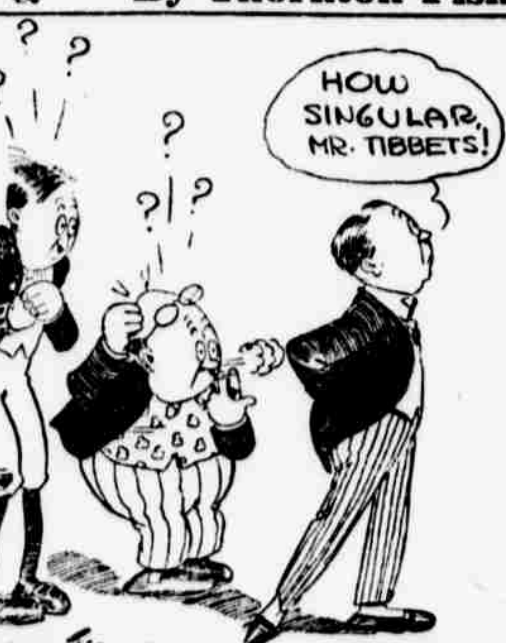
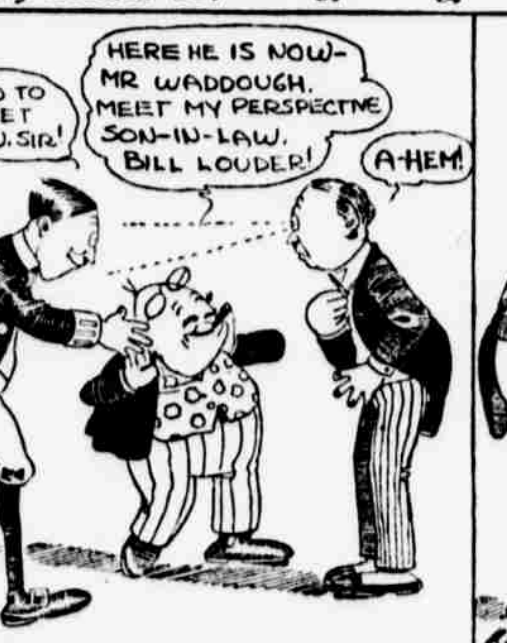
"S'MATTER, POP!"



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